

BEST METHODS TO SAVE OUR GOLD

Georgia's Congressmen Ask the Government To Take Up the Problem.

Should Send Down Experts

A Field for the Most Scientific Metallurgists To Work In.

One Process Not Adapted For All

The Minerals in Combination with the Gold Vary in Different Parts of the South.

Washington, December 19.—(Special.)—The Georgia delegation in congress is making a strong effort to have the geological survey make a special study of the Georgia gold fields. The aid of the department is asked, not in the discovery of gold, but particularly in furnishing information concerning the best methods for extracting the gold from the different ores found in the Georgia fields, and this, it is believed, would be of great value not only to the miners, but in the end, to the state at large.

To that end the following letter has been addressed to Professor Walcott, of the United States Geological Survey. It fully explains what is wanted.

The Letter to Director Walcott.
United States Senate, Washington, D. C., December 17, 1897.—Professor Charles D. Walcott, Director of the United States Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.—Sir: As senators and representatives from the state of Georgia, we desire to express to you our appreciation of the department in the development of the gold mining industry in our state. It is not our purpose to ask your aid in ascertaining where the gold ore is to be found, for it is already known, but we desire to secure the best possible information as to the best methods for extracting the gold from the different ores found in the Georgia fields, and this, it is believed, would be of great value not only to the miners, but in the end, to the state at large.

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BIG JEWELRY HOUSE DESTROYED BY FIRE

Mermod and Jaccard Company Burned Out Sunday Morning.

Loss Will Reach \$335,000

Five-Story Building Was Completely Guttered and the Walls Fall In

Occupants Barely Escape With Lives

One-Half the Stock Had Been Placed in Two Big Vaults and Maybe Has Been Saved.

St. Louis, Mo., December 19.—A fire started in the basement of the building occupied by the Mermod and Jaccard jewelry company at the corner of Locust and Broadway streets, Sunday morning, December 19th, and in a few minutes the five-story building was completely gutted. The loss will reach \$335,000, fully covered by insurance.

The fire had been burning some time before it was discovered at 3:40 o'clock. The fire had been burning some time before it was discovered at 3:40 o'clock. The fire had been burning some time before it was discovered at 3:40 o'clock.

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COMMITTEE MET TO CUT SALARIES

Session of the Salary Committee Occurred Last Night.

Report Is Nearly Ready

It Means a Wholesale Cut of City Officials.

Council Is Divided on the Subject

The Report of the Committee May Be Delayed a Few Days—What the Cut Will Be.

The salary committee of council held a meeting last night, but what the members did could not be ascertained from any one present.

It is known, however, that a heavy cut of salaries will be recommended to council, and that there will be a recommendation to the effect that the office of city marshal be abolished.

There was some doubt last night as to the ability of the committee to prepare a report in time for council to act upon it today, but if the work was not completed last night there will doubtless be another meeting this morning.

In the event that the committee fails to formulate a report, a special session of council will be called to receive it when it is ready. Chairman Maddox is using every effort to get a report ready, and there may be no delay.

It can be said with considerable certainty that the salaries will be recommended cut as follows:

City controller, from \$3,000 to \$2,400.
City engineer, from \$3,000 to \$2,400.
City attorney, from \$3,000 to \$2,400.
City marshal, from \$3,000 to abolition.
City marshal's assistant, cut to \$1,000 and transferred to the city tax collector's office.

The members of council are by no means forward in statements as to their intentions when the report comes up. They have kept quiet, and when the matter was brought to their attention have suggested that it was hardly proper to dispose of a report before it was made.

It looks now as if there would be a lively fight if the report is brought out in the shape that it was in when the meeting ended last night.

Councilman J. J. Maddox is chairman of the salary committee.

STONKING GIVEN TEN YEARS
Man Who Killed Lallande in a Saloon Will Go To Penitentiary.

Birmingham, Ala., December 19.—(Special.) The jury in the case of A. Stonking, charged with killing J. G. Lallande at Tuscaloosa, last night brought in a verdict of guilty, and sentenced him to ten years in the penitentiary.

Stonking and Lallande were collectors on the Montgomery extension of the Mobile and Ohio railroad. A few months since, while in Tuscaloosa, they had a falling out in a saloon, and Lallande refused to drink with Stonking.

Stonking went out for a pistol and returning renewed the quarrel, shooting Lallande to death. The trial lasted three days, and Stonking's wife and children attended the court.

THEIR MOTHER-IN-LAW KILLED.
Walter and Jack Marks Arrested as the Guilty Parties.

Bristol, Tenn., December 19.—(Special.)—Walter and Jack Marks, well-known alchemists, were arrested last night charged with the murder of Mrs. Rebecca Carlow, who was their mother-in-law, which occurred in Benton last week.

They were sent to jail.

SPECIAL DAYS ARE AT ASIDE.
Managers of National Fisheries Congress Give Out the Programme.

Jacksonville, Fla., December 19.—The managers of the National Fisheries Congress, to be held in Tampa in January, say that many states will be represented by delegates and exhibits. The following special days are being observed in honor of various exhibition commissions:

January 18—For the commission of the World's Fair Columbian exposition of Chicago.

January 20—For the commission of the Atlanta exposition.

BYRAN THE GUEST OF PRESIDENT DIAZ

Democratic Leader Attends the Union Evangelical Church.

Many Attentions Bestowed

Nebraska Was Present When Exhibitors Received Prizes.

Atlanta and Chicago Figured in the Day

The American Club Will Entertain the Distinguished American This Evening.

City of Mexico, December 19.—Mr. Bryan attended divine service at the Union Evangelical church, and was also the guest of President Diaz. The distribution of prizes to the Mexican exhibitors at the Chicago and Atlanta expositions. General Diaz and the members of the cabinet arrived at the Alameda in state carriages, escorted by cavalry, and the scene was most imposing, it being designed to give credit to so honorable an occasion.

Mr. Bryan was warmly greeted by the president and his ministers.

The sale of the Inguar copper mines to Rothschild and Mirabeau, of Paris, for several million dollars, as the result of prolonged investigation into this great property, which has been long known in this country to be one of the greatest copper deposits on the globe. Several parties of experts have come over from France to report, and all agree on its value and the enormous quantity of ore in the mines.

Messrs. Rothschild and Mirabeau will build two lines of railroad, one to connect with the western branch of the Mexican National railway, and the other with the west coast, so as to have connection with the Pacific ocean. The deal is one of the most important recorded in the mining history of this country, and the mines under the new ownership will be made some of the greatest copper producers in the world.

Railway earnings continue to show a remarkable increase, and the internal revenues, as well as the customs duties, are giving the government funds in excess of \$10,000,000.

The American Club, an important social organization, will give a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Bryan tomorrow evening. The full night of the Christmas tide will be spent in the city, and the night before the grand and glorious day when he hangs his little stocking before the mantel shelf. He knows that when the night comes he will have the earth and the shadow of his little stocking hanging down the chimney and fill that stocking with the prettiest of things for the "little one" who is good. He lies awake in the night, thinking of the little stocking hanging down the chimney and fill that stocking with the prettiest of things for the "little one" who is good.

REV. ZACHARY TAYLOR SWEENEY
He Gets a Call to the Seventh Street Christian Church, Richmond.

Richmond, Va., December 19.—(Special.)—Rev. Zachary Taylor Sweeney, one of the most eloquent preachers in America, who was called to the Seventh Street Christian church here, his name was presented to a committee appointed some time ago to recommend a successor to Rev. Jabez Hall, and the action of the congregation was unanimous and enthusiastic.

Mr. Sweeney is a Kentuckian, comes from a family of preachers and has several brothers in the ministry. He has been pastor at Columbus, Ind., for a number of years, though he formerly had a church at Augusta, Ga.

He was commissioned by the synod of Kentucky to preach at the funeral of the Sultan of Turkey, at Chicago, and was decorated with the order of the Osmanli.

FOUR MEN KILLED BY EXPLOSION
Locomotive's Boiler Bursts, Scattering Death All Around.

Repton, Ala., December 19.—Last night on the Bear Creek logging road a locomotive's boiler burst, scattering death all around.

The explosion was caused by defective flues.

At that time let you and I—own for once the power of the great wisdom, which has been deeply purchased by years of disappointments and of tears, and that we wish to grope again in the gloom of the night, and find a way out with eager eyes and hearts in the winter winds the tinkle of the reindeer bells.

Alas! What a work of cruel time must be undone for you and old fellow, who have been for a long time, of their boasted victory. Silenced voices must be awakened from the night of death; hushed voices unlocked from the clasp of the less lips; loving hands unfolded from the pulseless breast, and from the wrecks that strew the steep and rugged path of which we have been so long the victims.

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How Thankful

Pain Was Maddening and Hope Had Been Abandoned—Wonderful Results of Purifying the Blood.

A severe pain came in my left knee, which grew worse and worse, and finally a sore broke out above the knee. It discharged a great deal and the pain from my thigh down was maddening. Large, hard, purple spots appeared on my legs, and I was in great pain for years, and gave up all hope of ever being cured. My wife was reading of a case like mine, cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and she advised me to try it. I began taking it, and when I had used a few bottles I found relief from my suffering. Oh, how thankful I am for this relief! I am stronger than I have ever been in my life. I am in the best of health, have a good appetite and am a new man altogether. J. P. Moore, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

TEXAS HAS BIG SLEET STORM.
Wires All Down and Information Is Only Meager.

St. Louis, Mo., December 19.—It is learned from private sources that one of the worst sleet storms in the history of Texas prevailed in that state today.

It is impossible to get any information whatever from Dallas, the center of the storm section, as all wires are down. As showing the extent of the storm, the telegraph companies could get no news from Dallas on the southern part of the storm, and the wires on the east, Eagle Pass on the west and some points in the southern part of Indian Territory on the north, showing that it covers several hundred miles of territory.

The wires work no further than these points, and it is apparent the destruction of the heavy telegraph lines have been ordered from all parts of Texas to repair the damage. Nothing further can be learned from the storm district to show whether damage has been done to anything else than the wires.

A CHRISTMAS REVELRY.
You and I, old fellow, let us both confess that we would like to believe in Santa Claus just one more Christmas eve before there shall come a time when we will be old men, and Santa Claus will be a thing of the past. It will be foolish, I know, for old men like you and I to let anybody know that we wish to lie in the rumble bed, snugly tucked away in a mother's arms, waiting to await the dawn of the morrow for a glimpse into the most glorious wonderland of childhood's imagery; but foolish or no, the enormous quantity of ore in the mines. Messrs. Rothschild and Mirabeau will build two lines of railroad, one to connect with the western branch of the Mexican National railway, and the other with the west coast, so as to have connection with the Pacific ocean. The deal is one of the most important recorded in the mining history of this country, and the mines under the new ownership will be made some of the greatest copper producers in the world.

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...and progress here and there, but

is for extending the sewerage system.

not to forget the Vermonter, John G.

nov19-1f

CALL AND GIVE US

YOUR ORDERS EARLY.

Chamberlin-Johnson-DuBose Co.

10 YEARS OLD.

... AGENT ...
ATLANTA.....GEORGIA.

eight families, but they possess eleven violins, nine organs, six pianos, two banjos and one guitar.

Kimball house, or union station, Atlanta,
Ga. dec15-77




WOMEN'S DESKS.

There's good news in the Desk territory. Special purchases have just arrived and enrich the display that was already so grand. Think of this range of exceptional cheapness: Quarter-sawn Oak, carved lid, French legs, exquisitely finished, real piano polish **\$5.00**

And there are scores of others at \$6.50, \$7.50, \$8.50, \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00 up to \$50.00—high fancy inlaid tops and fronts, one or more drawers, noiseless slides, hand-carved lids, cast brass trimmings and other excellent details of workmanship.

We Will Offer You Something New Every Day


Did you ever stop to
think that you get
better values for your
money when
you buy good
Jewelry than in
most anything
else? We
will from day to day
show you a
line that cannot
be surpassed in
the south.

**Note a few of
our prices.**

Write for Catalogue.
Also a big line of solid

Gold Braacelets. Also No. 172. \$1.25 No. 173. \$1.00 No. 174. 75c
1m. diamond. 1 carat stone. 1m. diamond. 1 carat stone.

Diamond Settings. engraved. Golconda gem. Golconda gem.
A. L. DELKIN, 10 Peachtree Street.

THE WOLVES' CHRISTMAS TREE:

A Story Showing What a Man Can Do
When Danger Presses Him Close.

By Rowland Robinson.

"Goin' pa'tridge huntin', be ye?" Hiram Hill asked as he poured four pounds of No. 6 shot from the scoop of the scales into one of the conical packages that our shot used to be done up in by storekeepers before the era of paper bags.

"Well, no, not exactly hunting," I answered with a view to the possible need of excuses for an empty bag. "I'm going over to Bradley's to spend Christmas, and didn't know but I might see a pa'tridge." It would have been "stuck up" to call our best game bird "partridge," and no one would have recognized it under the name of "ruffed grouse."

"You hain't goin' to hoof it over the mountain?" he asked with the end of the string between his teeth as he wound the package with a frugal allowance of pack-thread. I nodded an affirmation while I silently admired his thrifty habit of putting the few spilled pellets into the box of unsold shot.

"Wal, then, you'd better let me put ye up a pound or two o' buckshot."

"No, sir," I said in a tone expressive of reproof for the suggestion. "I've no use for buckshot this time of year," for the close time for deer began with the month.

"Of course not, but you'd want something bigger'n number sixes if the wolves got after ye," said Hiram, making a persuasive dip into the box of buckshot.

"Wolves," said I, contemptuously, "why there hain't been a wolf around here for twenty years."

"Wal, there is now, a pack o' seven, anyway, an' mebbe more. Why, hain't you heard? Amos Barker seen 'em full tilt, after a deer an' counted 'em, seven of 'em. His man at was a helpin' of him on his coalin' job said there was thirteen, but Amos reckoned he see double or caunted some of 'em twice, an' there's lots o' folks 'at 's heard 'em. There's wolves ha'n'tin' the mountain, you may depend. Better let me weigh you about a couple o' pounds."

"No, I guess it won't pay to carry any extra weight on that chance," I said, admiring the storekeeper's cunning attempt to sell me something I did not want. "But you may put up that small doll and that Jack-in-the-box for me. They're light and they'll tickle Billy's two little shavers. Then put up a half dozen crackers and a bit of cheese for lunch, fill my tobacco box and let me have an extra pipe and I'll be off. I want to make the trip by daylight."

"I hope ye will. I rally do. I wouldn't want to have you get ketched in the dark on the mountain. So you're goin' right over to Bradley's, be ye?" he continued as he shuffled behind the counter to put up the articles for me, and then began rummaging in a drawer of odds and ends. "Now I wonder if you wouldn't just as lives take him a pair o' bullet molds 'at Aaron Clark left here for him last spring, I guess it was. I guess he borried 'em some time or 'nother an' fetchin' 'em here is as high as ever he come to returnin' of 'em. If Bradley ever needed 'em he must be beginnin' to feel the want of 'em an' it won't burden you no great to take 'em if you're willin' an' they'll be off'n my mind."

Hiram found the molds after a short search and slipping them into my pocket with the other articles I retired to my bachelor quarters over Miss Diantha Gridley's tailor shop, where, after transferring the shot to a spring-top pouch and filling my flask with better powder than Hiram sold, and exchanging my leather boots for a pair of the sheepskin boots tanned with the wool on, which were then the most approved winter foot gear, with my double gun on my shoulder to lighten my steps, I set forth on the ten-mile tramp.

"Goodby, Mr. Markham," called Miss Gridley, coming to the door, red in the face from a close interview with her goose. "I wish you a merry Christmas, but I shall feel easier about you if you hadn't got no gun. I'm always afraid of a gun's goin' off."

"Well, mine's going off in a way that won't hurt you, Miss Gridley. Goodby."

II.

Crossing the little river that turned the mills and forge of our village, and following the road as far as it ran in my direction, I held across the fields to the woods, before entering which I set my compass for my intended course.

This was through six miles of mountain woodland, unbroken but for the clearings made in the operations of lumbering and charcoal burning. It was rough, but not very difficult traveling, for the mountain was not high nor very steep, except at the peak, which was not in my route.

I did not deviate much from my course for the sake of hunting, but held straight on, contenting myself with the few shots that chance offered, which were few, indeed, for one seldom finds many ruffed grouse in the heart of the woods, where congenial food is not so abundant as in the outskirts.

When the backbone of the mountain was reached and my journey half accomplished, I had but one partridge, but there was a chance of more in the stretch of forest that lay before me, partial glimpses of which I now had through the stunted oaks and pines that scantily clad the rocky ridge.

Beyond the woods, bits of the valley farm could be seen and the clustered buildings of homesteads with banners of smoke floating from the chimneys, signaling the preparation of Christmas cheer.

The weather was exceedingly mild for the season, a circumstance which proved very fortunate for me, and as I was quite comfortable in the warmth of the low minkie gun, I gave my legs a good rest while I ate my lunch and lazily smoked and dreamed in the midst of the quietude. There was not a sound to be heard

above the constant murmur of the pines and the occasional rustle of an unfallen leaf withered, nor was a living thing to be seen but a mite of a winter wren exploring the intricacies of a fallen treetop, and a few flies that were buzzing about the sunny side of a tree trunk. There was no snow even on these heights, and, in proof of the exceptional mildness of the season, a flower of herb robert bloomed beside me, paler than its own scarlet leaves.

At last, after a considerable continuance, this silence was broken by the sound of light, cautious footfalls on the dry leaves at some distance behind me, evidently on my trail, drawing nearer, then it ceased behind a screen of underbrush, and, as I looked and listened, receded, giving me but a glimpse of gray fur.

I guessed that it might be a lynx, sneaking inquisitively along my track, and was quite willing he should satisfy his curiosity without showing more of himself, for I would not have liked to let him go unshot at, if fairly seen, nor yet risk a shot with such charges as were in my gun, a possible

looking backward down the slope, I saw two wolves break through the undergrowth of whortleberry bushes, and had glimpses of others behind them.

My next look was for a tree that could be climbed, and I was fortunate in discovering one close at hand, a low-branching pine of more than two feet in diameter at the base of the trunk, which for ten feet up to the whorls of sturdy green boughs bristled with stubs of dead limbs that made convenient steps.

My gun was of German make, rigged with a sling, which till now I had always thought was a useless appendage, but in this emergency it proved quite otherwise, when by slinging the gun over my back I got up easily and quickly. None too quickly, for in two minutes the leaders of the pack were beneath me and glaring up at me with cruel, hungry eyes, having evidently seen my ascent, for they were not at fault a moment.

Others came till there were seven in all, some circling about the tree, some sitting on their haunches and treading impatiently with their forefeet, like a dog waiting for a choice morsel, and licking their slavering chops; some gnawed at the trunk or made prodigious leaps at the lower branches.

I climbed to a secure and comfortable seat on a limb twenty feet from the ground, and after getting my breath and my nerves were a little settled, I tried the effect of a charge of No. 6's on one of the besiegers, as I got a tolerable fair aim at his uplifted muzzle through an opening. There was a yelp of surprise and pain, followed by a general commotion among the

some dry twigs and bits of branches, and I soon had a small fire burning in the center of the stub. When it was well going, I held the improvised ladle with a couple of ounces of shot in it, over the hottest place, and after some patient waiting had the satisfaction of seeing the separate pellets become a little puddle of molten lead. I managed to pour most of it into the mold, and got three good bullets at the first smelting, but lost one, which fell to the ground.

Better luck attended three more successive trials, which gave me thirteen bullets, making fifteen in all, which I thought might answer my purpose, and I whipped out the fire with a green branch.

It was now near sundown, so there was no time to be lost if I was to get away by daylight.

The bullets were much too small for the bore of my gun, therefore I put two in each barrel, with a light charge of shot, and descended to the lower branch, where I seated myself upon the one where I could get the clearest view of the ground.

The wolves greeted my reappearance with a chorus of savage yelps as they gathered eagerly beneath me, snapping and snarling, each struggling for the nearest place that he might be first at the expected feast. One grizzled old fellow, the patriarch of the tribe, who had curled himself up in the fallen tree top, to bide my downfall, now had his philosophical patience overcome and leaped forth from his lair, sneaking around the outskirts of the crowd with his hungry eyes constantly upon me. The largest and strongest of the pack kept the position directly under me, now springing upward more than his length, then tumbling back upon his mates that crowded beneath him, now standing upright on his hinder feet and pawing the air and snapping his fanged jaws viciously. While he was in this position, I fired one barrel straight into his mouth.

The recoil almost unseated me, but I recovered myself with no greater mishap than losing the toys out of my pocket. The big wolf made no motion, but to sink in a lifeless heap with the back of his head blown out. The others scattered a little, but presently returned, sniffing at their dead comrade and lapping his blood. Poor dolly got a cruel bite from one that spoiled her beauty forever. Another nosing Jack-in-the-box unhooked the lid, whereupon the little imp filleted his snout, and I could not help laughing at the fright it gave the great cowardly brute.

I fired the second barrel at the old grandfather as he warily skulked past, beyond the others, and the charge broke his back. He writhed about, biting the wound a moment, and then dragging his paralyzed hinder parts, crawled out of sight. The others were getting somewhat shy, but plucked up courage during the cessation of hostilities, while I reloaded, and then came close under me again.

A third shot killed one nearly outright, and the fourth broke the shoulder of another as he ran. He retreated to a safe distance and amused himself with his wound while the unhurt survivors stood off, now regarding curiously their dead and wounded companions, now me, with growing respect, and evidently doubting whether it was worth their while to continue any longer in my neighborhood.

When my gun was reloaded I settled the question for them with two shots. The first one bored such a hole in the belly of one that his entrails dragged upon the ground, and the second stung another so sharply that he stood not on the order of his going, but made off in all speed in company with his unseathed comrade, while the fellow with the broken shoulder hobbled after them, and the other poor wretch tried to follow them, turning now and again to bite his own entrails, entangling his feet and catching on stubs and stones.

Evening was already deepening the forest shadows and I had little time to spare in mercy to the merciless brute, but when I got to the ground I hastily loaded my gun and finished him with a shot in the head.

Then, picking up the toys and taking my course by the compass and the evening star, I held forward at such speed as the rough and darkening way would permit. Fortunately, the almost full moon was well up in the clear sky, and I had little difficulty in finding my way down the mountain, and reached Bradley's before their early bedtime.

Little Molly Bradley prize the doll all the more for the scars which proved her hairbreadth escape, and her brother looked upon the Jack-in-the-box that had scared a wolf as a hero as doughty as Jack the Giant Killer.

Their father seemed to doubt my story till I led him to the scene of the adventure, the next morning, and showed him the four wolves, for we found the broken-backed patriarch after a short search.

When we returned with the pelts, the Christmas dinner was ready for us, no mean part of it being the partridges, much more nicely cooked by Mrs. Bradley than I could have done it on the tree stump had I been obliged to.

When I went home the next day there was a full pouch of buckshot in my pocket, but I found no use for it.

CHRISTMAS NOTES.

To make a Christmas bell, use two ox muzzles for a foundation, fastening the top of one a little way up into the center of the other to give the proper length to the bell. Fill this solidly with moss and then trim with holly berries and a bit of mistletoe. A calla lily makes a pretty clapper. Suspend the bell by scarlet ribbons.

The foliage of a Christmas tree may be brushed here and there with muellage and then sprinkled with common salt and a very pleasing result is obtained. A pretty drapery for the tree is made by cutting long strips, about four inches wide, of tissue paper, then cutting it closely, partly, but not entirely across the widths, making fringes; if the strips be dampened and held over a hot stove, the fringed edges will curl and look quite ornamental.

Yule packages are intensely exciting if each one is wrapped in successive papers, with successive addresses, so that no one knows if the present will stay with him or whether he must hand it on to another.



I GOT UP QUICKLY.

contingency that made me wish for a pound of Hiram's buckshot.

As I began my way down the mountain, a glance at the sun showed me we were likely to part company before my journey was ended. Half a mile further on, in an old charcoal clearing, I flushed a partridge, at which I took a snap shot that knocked a cloud of feathers out of the bird without retarding its flight, but I was sure it was hard hit and began a diligent search where it had disappeared at the edge of the clearing.

Looking the ground over carefully, step by step, I had gone much further than one who does not know how far a mutually wounded grouse can fly would think fit of any use to search, when I heard far behind me what I took to be the piteous howl of a lost hound.

I was wishing the poor fellow might find my track and come up to me, when the long-drawn, plaintive wail was repeated at a point so distant from the first that it was evident it could not have been uttered by the same animal and presently it was taken up at another distant point.

Still groping over the ground in search of the dead bird, I wondered at so many hounds having gone astray that day, when just as I found my bird lying belly up, stone dead, I also came upon something that gave me a startling enlightenment.

The fallen leaves and the soil were torn and furrowed, stones and patches of moss were overturned, the result of which was plainly shown by the antlered skull and scattered bones of a deer and a mat of coarse gray hair tumbled into the mold.

Hiram's wolves were no harmless creatures of the imagination, but savage realities, and a chill ran down my back as I realized the probability that the pack was now rallying on my trail. I did not doubt that I had heard their voices.

I took my bearings and went forward at my best pace with far less thought of hunting than the fear of being hunted. This I went on for half an hour, hearing nothing but the snapping of twigs and swish of branches made by my own rapid progress, till a clamor of jays broke out forty rods in my rear. As it drew near it was mingled with the rustle and patter of many swift feet. I was near the crest of one of the ledges that ridge crosswise the long westerly incline of the mountain side, and

crew, and when the smoke had lifted above me I caught glimpses of the stung brute clawing his head with alternate forepaws.

I fired several times, as opportunity offered, but desisted when it became evident that instead of driving off my assailants, the sting of the small shot made them the more savagely persistent. I tried slugging the shot in a cartridge made of a bit of the lining of my coat, but it amounted to nothing. Bewailing the incredulity which had made me refuse the buckshot, I was at my wit's end how to raise the siege.

Perhaps my supply of provisions would last till the enemy was starved out, if the weather did not turn cold and freeze me on my roost, which was a prospect less agreeable than that of subsisting on raw partridge flesh.

Then it occurred to me to climb to the top and see if there was any chance of making alarm shots heard down in the settlements. Slinging my gun I began the ascent. But ten feet further up the pine came to an end, for there the whole top was broken off just above a whorl of stout branches, onto which I climbed, but could get no outlook through the tree tops.

I filled and lighted my pipe, and, chancing to throw the unextinguished match onto the stub, which was broken about square across, and was at least a foot in diameter, it ignited a handful of dry pine needles that had alighted there. The flame lasted but a moment, yet long enough to suggest the idea that fire enough might be built here to roast small bits of the partridge, and close upon this followed another, which gave me a hope of deliverance.

III.

There was the bullet mold in my pocket, and if I could but manage to turn my paltry shot into a dozen good, solid balls, I would soon rid myself of the wolves. As I was refilling my pipe my tobacco box gave me a clue to a solution of the problem. It was an old-fashioned steel box with a hinged cover and square corners that would serve as a spout to pour melted lead from.

I transferred the tobacco to a pocket, cleft a cut of small green limb firmly on to the open cover for a handle, and had what promised to be a serviceable smelting ladle. Then reaching out I gathered

IN THE SCHOOLS



Boys' High School.

Since the debate of last Friday everyone is looking forward to the disbandment of school for the Christmas holidays. At 10 o'clock two long columns, gay with ribbons of crimson and white, left the school building for Browning hall and fifteen minutes later reached their destination.

The hall was a veritable tropical garden. Palms were present in great abundance, while the walls were tastefully arranged with ivy.

When the music started the declaimers, critics and debaters came forward and took their seats on the platform and after a few more strains of the selection Professor Slaton arose to make a few remarks. Cleveland Kiser was the first declaimer, and he made a good impression on the audience.

He was followed by Frank McDade, Marion Smith, Cam Dorsey, Dewald Cohen and Harold Hirsch.

All of these young gentlemen made excellent speeches, and especially the last two showed a great amount of declamatory talent. Cohen rendered "Antony's Speech to the Romans" in a very creditable manner, while Hirsch made the hall ring with the thunders of "Hill's Reply to Blaine." Many surmises were afloat when the latter concluded his speech and each declaimer had a large backing.

The notes of martial music then once more stirred the debaters. "Resolved, That the signs of the times point to the decline of the American republic," read the secretary. "Affirmative leader, Frank E. Merrill."

With impressive voice and graceful gestures Mr. Merrill was soon in the midst of a speech that would have done great honor to a man of twice his years.

Carl Lewis replied for the negative, and his many flowers of rhetoric delighted even his opponents.

Arthur Howell, in perfect accents and solid debate, made a brilliant dash for the affirmative and left the audience in a state of great fear for the future of the American republic. Hillyer next rose from the left of the president and wove a magic spell over his auditors. For six minutes he destroyed affirmative arguments and at the same time proved seven excellent points on his own side of the question. Youngblood spoke next for the affirmative. He was followed by Roberts, who won a great amount of applause. Phillips's speech for the affirmative was considered by many to be the prize winner, for the arguments he advanced seemed unanswerable. Johnson, for the negative, upheld his reputation as a debater of great talent.

The last two speakers on the affirmative were Stowers and Rainwater and each of them won enviable laurels. Pickett and Cole closed the arguments of the negative and caused great interest and enjoyment. Again the music started and cheered the hopes of every contestant.

President Haverty then arose and gave his decision. "Taking into consideration all the points advanced and without prejudice," he said, "I give my decision in favor of the negative." A motion of reversal was lost, and the negative were about as happy as it is possible to be.

The judges of the debaters, Colonel W. S. Thomson and Messrs. DeSaussure and Mitchell, filed into the hall and placed their verdict in the hands of Professor Slaton. In an appropriate speech Mr. Hooper Alexander presented the prizes.

The first prize, two books, for the best declaimer in the first grade, went to W. F. McDade. The second prize, the Maier & Berkele medal, for the best declaimer, was taken by Cam Dorsey and the third prize, the Crankshaw medal, for the best debater, to Mr. William Hillyer, of the senior class.

Mr. Hillyer's victory seemed to give great pleasure. Many were heard to declare that a more just selection could not have been made. Mr. Hillyer is now the leader of the senior class, the winner of the Curry medal and one of the champion debaters of the school, and it is safe to say that a more lovable and popular young gentleman cannot be found. The criticisms of Messrs. Parkhurst and Avery were very humorous and excellent.

— Jay P. Youngblood.

Calhoun Street School.

Monday was a very gloomy day, but was brightened by a visit from Professor Landrum. He is always a welcome visitor and we hope he will be with us many days during the coming year.

Professor Davis, our instructor in music, marked all the classes except the eighth on Friday. Three grades received the mark of 99. Those fortunate and deserving classes were the third, fourth and seventh grades. There was no mark in the school lower than 96.

The second grade enjoyed a visit last week from Miss Susie Glover, the second grade teacher of Ivy street school.

Our long-looked for physiology match occurred Tuesday. The sides were chosen by Mary Ramsaur and Henry W. Atkinson. After a long and exciting contest, during which questions covering the entire book were given, three boys, Henry W. Atkinson, John Learmont and Francis Kamper, were left standing. The match could not be finished for lack of time, but I hope

to announce the name of the victor in my next letter.

We are looking forward with much interest to the Christmas meeting of the eighth grade Literary and Debating Society, which will be held at 12 m., Tuesday, December 23d.

— Rae C. Schlesinger.

Ivy Street School.

The eighth grade won the banner for attendance last week. All the grades have been busy with examinations for the last week.

Professor Landrum visited our school on Tuesday. He was very much pleased with the eighth grade's reproduction exercises, which they write instead of compositions.

The visit paid us by the city physicians Friday caused very little excitement. Although the physiology examination from Major Slaton was very long, it was also very easy. Major Slaton made a business trip to our school Thursday, but the pupils only obtained a glimmer of him.

— Dora Herz.

Formwalt Street School.

We are all looking forward to Christmas with a great deal of pleasure, when we will wake earlier than usual to see what dear old Santa Claus has brought us, for we know he never forgets a good boy or girl.

Professor Landrum and Mr. Wells, the vertical writing teacher, visited our school this week. All of the grades are working very hard for high marks in singing.

This being written month, we have finished all of our examinations and are anxiously waiting for our reports to see who will carry home the highest marks.

The Literary Society of the fifth grade and the Argonauts of the sixth grade elected new officers last Friday. Those of the fifth are: Walter Leppert, president; Julia Neville, secretary. Those of the sixth are: Herman Haas, president; Violetta Crabb, secretary, and Louise Loenthal, critic. All of the societies have arranged interesting programmes for next Thursday.

Last week two of our teachers were absent, Miss Jennie Doar, of the sixth grade, and Miss Rosa Berman, of the first grade. We all deeply sympathize with Miss Berman in the loss of her mother.

— L'ella Griffith.

Fraser Street School.

We are all happy that Christmas is so near. We number among that class of children who look upon this season as the glory of the year, when glowing cheeks and smiling eyes are the attractive features of the occasion.

All the grades have been busy this week with examinations. On Friday next the fifth and sixth grades are going to have a spelling match, and the name of the victorious class will be announced in my next letter.

The seventh grade had a spelling match recently in which twenty-one were standing at the close. The fifth grade has a new society, of which the following are the officers:

President, Eva Mims; vice president, Robert Mayfield; secretary, Estelle Cook; critic, Marion O'Farrell. All the pupils take an interest in The Constitution, Junior.

— Bryan W. Blackburn.

Ira Street School.

The principal of Ira invited the fourth grade to the eighth grade room and had representatives from the other grades to help entertain them because the members of the fourth were the most particular of the downstairs grades in going out and coming in from recess. The following programme was rendered:

Song—Fifth grade.
Recitation—Julian Bell, of the first grade.
Recitation—"When I'm a Man"—Roy Wallace, of the second grade.
Song—Bessie Elliott, Ollanear Smith, Mattie Tidwell, Hattie George, of the sixth grade.

Recitation—"The Painted Baby"—Susie Parks, of the sixth grade.
Recitation—"Grumbles and Smiles"—Louelle Drake, of the sixth grade.

Song—Fifth grade.
Recitation—"The Two Valentines"—Miss Virginia Mizelle.

Recitation—"A Bad Little Girl's Views of Hotel Life"—Adelaide Zeigler.

Song—By four girls of the sixth grade.
Recitation—"Aunt Charity and the Boy"—Lizzie Brown.

Recitation—"Auction Extraordinary"—Maud Jewel.

Song—Fifth grade.
Recitation—"Only the Brakesman Killed"—Myrtle Zeigler, of the fourth grade.

Recitation—"When I'm a Woman"—Manta Dennis, second grade.

Song—Fifth grade.
Recitation—"The Squirrel's Arithmetic"—Julius Thornton.

Recitation—Josephine Lyon and Mabel Carlyon.

Song—Fifth grade.

The primary grades are working very hard to obtain invitations to the eighth grade next Friday.

The third and sixth grades were invited to attend the second grade's society Friday, which was accepted.

The society of the third grade met last Friday and the following programme rendered:

Song by class.

Recitations—Rosa Bell, Mabel Carlyon and Donnie Walker.

Song—"The Shower"—Louelle Young, Estelle Carroll and Lula McMahon.

Recitation—Henry Courtney and Bessie Richardson.

Song—"The Bee"—Class.

The fourth grade was invited to the normal school class Saturday and did themselves great credit.

Christmas will soon be here; oh! what a

time of rejoicing to the millions of children in the world, for nearly all nations of the earth observe this as a holiday.

For weeks the children have been looking forward to the time of hanging up their stockings to see what Santa Claus will bring, and what a generous soul he is, for the naughty children as well as the good are recipients of his gifts.

— William B. Griffith.

Walker Street School.

The eighth grade received a final examination in physiology Thursday. It is to be hoped that all did well. Monday we are to commence civil government and learn something of our "E Pluribus Unum."

— Daisy Lester.

Fair Street School.

The children are very happy over the prospect of a long holiday for Christmas and can talk of nothing else except what Santa Claus will bring them and what they will do to make the time pass pleasantly.

— Major Slaton and Professor Landrum



HELEN WILLIAMSON.
Who is on the Roll of Honor Every Month in the Second Grade, Calhoun Street School.

visited the school last week and we were glad to welcome them. Our principal has missed but three days on her own account in seventeen years' service.

The fourth grade A children are delighted because Miss Eppie Nutting will teach them during the remainder of the term. She is very much liked in the school.

Little Nellie Frank Freeman, of second grade A, is the smallest child in the school. She is nearly always on the honor roll and is a very bright little scholar.

— Hart Wylie.

Emmett Street School.

Since last I wrote many things have happened. We enjoyed our Thanksgiving very much. We went to school in the morning and had the society. We had a nice programme of recitations and readings. We also had a talk by Rev. W. A. Parsons.

Our school being a country school closed Friday, December 10th, until January 31, 1898. At 12 o'clock the pupils spread lunch together under the trees. After finishing our picnic dinner we enjoyed a very interesting programme. The following were some of the best:

Song, by the class; recitation, Lillian Southard; recitation, Hugh Warner; recitation, Bonnylin Bennett; recitation, Maude Marsh; essay, Cora Blackstock; recitation, Lela Foster; recitation, Kennedy Chastain; recitation, Florence Frost; recitation, Omie Watkins; essay, Lewis Warner; recitation, Charlie Ada Henally; recitation, Eddie Gardiner; recitation, Tochie Frost; recitation, Florie Rapp; essay, Mac Tardinger; recitation, Floy Gardiner; recitation, Minnie Moore; song, by Bonnylin Bennett and Maude Marsh.

— Bessie Jones.

Williams Street School.

Our school was visited by Professor Davis Wednesday of last week. He examined us in music. All did very nicely, the first grade receiving 100.

The classes are all doing good work. The sixth grade did beautifully in writing, as also did the fourth and third.

We are glad the Christmas holidays are almost here. The schools will all close December 23rd.

— Charm Oliver.

Professor Hunter's School.

This week has undoubtedly been the most remarkable and interesting one of the whole term. During the week Professor Hunter stopped all classes in history and grammar. He also stopped Latin grammar and geography, with the exception of physical geography.

The boys have all been pushing ahead in algebra, arithmetic, Roman history and Caesar. They are reviewing algebra and arithmetic.

In arithmetic Professor Hunter joined two of the classes and gave them two lessons a day, but on Wednesday he separated them again. He put the larger boys in denominate numbers and left the others in fractions. They are all doing fine work, and are pushing along rapidly.

The boys will get out for Christmas holidays on Wednesday, and are to return January 2d. Commencing on Monday, there will be general examinations, and the boys are looking forward to find out their standing in all their classes.

Friday morning there was a spelling match between the highest class and two smaller ones joined together, in which the highest class fell like wheat before the scythe. When the last one of the highest class had been spelled down there were seven upon the other side.

The Euphemian Literary and Debating Society met Friday for the last time this year. The subject was: "Resolved, That the French revolution was productive of more harm than good." As all the officers

were absent, Messrs. Leonard and Conley

were elected for the meeting. The subject was well discussed, and eloquent speeches were made on both sides. Mr. Wallace upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. Moran and Boyles spoke for the negative. After an eloquent and interesting debate, the president gave his decision to the negative.

The roll of honor this month is so long that it would tire the reader to give it all. The following are highest in their classes: Johnston, Hall, McInty, Moran, Robinson, Wallace, Voyles and J. E. Sims.

— Robert Moran.

Some Historic Rings.

The South Kensington museum, in London, says The New York Herald, contains what is probably the most remarkable collection of historic rings in the world. In this most exquisite and perfectly arranged of all treasure houses, the troth of kings, the romance and tragedy of famous lives, gives a keen personal interest to the cases filled with gems that are both royal in themselves and have been made royal by the touch of royalty.

Amid the clasped hands and true lovers' knots we find one lined with the Scottish arms, having on the seal the letters M. H.—Mary and Henry—the wedding of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Henry Oarnley. The name of Mary Stuart always thrills, but her loveliness we cannot gather from any of her authentic portraits in the national galleries. We must conclude that some grace of expression that could not be caught on the canvas was her charm.

In black and white enamel on gold, with hexagonal bezel, we find the mournful token given by Charles I on the day of his execution to Bishop Juxon. A hideous monkey-like skull grins in the center, surrounded by the inscription "Behold the Ende X;" and around the outside, "Rather Deth Than Fals Fayth."

The silver wedding ring of Rensel brings to mind a strange and glorious conjunction I once saw at a loan exhibition for some charity in Rome, when Vatican and Quirinal and many a noble house had for the moment yielded their treasures. Around a small space in the center, where the king and queen received their guests, were grouped the coronation robes of Napoleon, the torn blanket of Garibaldi, and the wonderful dalmatic of Charlemagne, which proud Rensel wore when he entered Rome.

But to return to our gems: One ring says: "Never to be forgotten 2d of January, 1777." Does any one still remember?

With us the hair ring period of mourning has given way to the still more dangerous jetted Mercury winged widow, and we have no use for the rings hollowed out like little bottles to contain the tears which were a coquetry of ancient times. Certainly filling these was not as difficult a task as that prescribed in the savage country Mr. Grant Allen tells us of, where the bereaved are obliged to weep until they fill a bottle of a certain size, and if they cannot are beaten until they do.

The inscription, "God Help Maria!" makes us wonder who the donor could have been.

Among the wedding rings is a type that should become fashionable in America, for it binds a heart and a coronet.

Simple folk say:

"As God decreed."

So we agreed," or,

"God hath wrought this choice in thee, "So frame thyself to comfourth me."

Chaste and simple is this, "A Faithful Wife Preserveth Life;" more abrupt and brutal was the admonition, "Observe Wedlock."

A Jewish wedding ring with great bezels lifts from the hand in full relief the model of the holy tabernacle of the ark of the covenant.

"Bonnie Prince Charley" smiles from a beautiful miniature, and nearby is the ideal of a lover's ring—an enameled figure of Cupid, with spread wings, carrying off a ruby heart, and the legend, "Stop Thief!"

The great Merovingian and Saxon rings are among the rarest in the world. Seven hundred dollars was paid by the museum for the bent and broken one of Arhstan, bishop of Sherburne.

"Iconographic" rings hold figures of portraits of saints in the Russian style. Others are reliquaries for bits of the true cross or fragments of saintly tombstones, while one represents Mary Magdalene being carried to heaven by four angels. One, formed to fifteen small crosses, was found on the fingers of a skeleton; it had no power to stay the hand of death.

Of great antiquity are the Roman key rings, used to keep the key of precious chests or caskets ever at hand, and which in middle ages secured the cumbersome iron "virtue lock" that husbands fastened on their wives before going to battle.

Of mystic rings there are many—the medieval circlet of "incantation," the charmed "loadstone" and the south German silver set with wolf's teeth.

An ancient Venetian of three chains, holding a revolving turquoise, brown with age, is engraved on one side with a Venus Anadyomene and on the other with a Gnostic cypher. Amid more costly gems the turquoise holds its own with strange persistence. One great turquoise cameo of the Rape of Proserpine in this collection is almost large enough to cover the back of the hand, and there are some very beautiful examples of those inlaid with Persian inscriptions.

In thumb rings the most splendid are those given by the popes to cardinals, though they did not always accompany the scarlet hat, and Wolsey's great anxiety lest a ring should not be sent with his precious head covering stands recorded. Of heroic size, they stand up several inches from the hand, and of course would be good in effect only when worn with massive vesture. Usually they are set in brass or bronze, with great cabochons or uncut stones. One with the lion of St. Mark is also crested with greenish chalcidony; those most prized hold a rough emerald or cabochon ruby. Thumb rings of a more painful sort are the "thumbkins," or thumbcuffs, used to hold the thumbs of prisoners while their clothes are being cut from them. The example at South Kensington was found behind the paneling of an old sixteenth century house.

The collection is rich in superb cameo heads of those whom art has immortalized in Greek and Roman antaglio that in finest lines picture the loves and woes of the gods, but before the wealth of precious stones the pen falls helpless, as we have no adequate words for these dazzling harmonies.

"grand jewel."

canadian whisky,

made and exported by the
"royal distillery"

—at—
hamilton — ontario — canada.

bluthenthal, "b. & b."
and bickart

southern agents.
other fine whiskies.

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This matchless Blood Purifier has never failed to cure the worst case of blood disease where the directions have been faithfully carried out. We are willing to undertake the most desperate case with entire confidence that Africana possesses the matchless power to cure.

Will You Continue to Suffer
With this Great
Remedy at your
very Door? . . .

Sold by All Druggists.

NOTICE.

The public will please take notice that we have sold out the yard at No. 12 Auburn ave., and have no branch yards in the city. All orders will please be sent to our main yard, 85 Peters st., Phone 527.

STOCKS COAL CO.

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DECORATORS.

... GENERAL PAINTERS.

We Make a Specialty of

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For Halls, Dining Rooms and Libraries in the stained, dyed or painted effects, and just the thing for southern homes.

Estimates furnished on work of every description.

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LOOK OUT.

Tomorrow, Tuesday, at 12 o'clock, that valuable property, 38 and 40 Auburn ave., will be sold on premises. Auction by Dr Wilson.

NISBET WINGFIELD,

CONSULTING ENGINEER,
WATER SUPPLY AND
DRAINAGE

441 Norcross Building, Atlanta, Ga.

KODAKS FOR RENT

KODAK FILMS AND PLATES
Developed, printed and finished.
Photograph work of all kinds for the amateur.

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A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION.

A KODAK OR PREMO CAMERA

Would Be An Acceptable Present.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ANDREW J. BRYAN & CO.,
Architects,
24 and 26 Equitable Building,
at Atlanta, Ga.
Courthouse a Specialty.

R. T. Dorsey, P. H. Brewster, Albert Howell
DORSEY, BREWSTER & HOWELL,
ATTORNEYS
—at—
Offices—2, 3, 4 and 6 Love building.

CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR

And others interested in state politics, read every
newspaper printed in Georgia and two thousand
other southern papers. Southern Press
Circulating Bureau, Atlanta, Ga.

HORSE SWAPPERS TO MEET CHRISTMAS

Little Town of Jasper Will Be the Place
of Meeting.

CONVENTION WILL BE LARGE

Horse Swappers from All Over the
Country Will Be Present.

MANY ANIMALS WILL CHANGE HANDS

This is the Second Horse Swappers' Convention and Was Caused by Success of the First One.

Georgia is to have another horse swappers' convention. This is a state of unique products, but the swappers' convention is by far one of the most novel of its peculiar and interesting productions.

A few months ago when it was announced that a horse swappers' convention was to be held at Jasper, Ga., there was an interest born of surprise and curiosity. Such a gathering had never been heard of before, and the people did not know what kind of a convention it would be. The great gathering was held and was a success. Hundreds of horses and mules changed hands. The convention was attended by people from many miles around, and for three days Jasper was the biggest place in the state.

On Christmas day another horse swappers' convention will be convened in the state. This second convention will be held at Jasper, the pretty little town in Georgia north of Pikesville. The convention will be on a larger scale than that held at Jasper. The first convention being a new enterprise, was, of course, not entered into with the same spirit of confidence as would have been felt had the experiment been tried before.

Conventions are usually held to discuss and pass upon questions of public interest, either political, religious, industrial, scientific, social, but the Jasper convention will be devoted to no other purpose than the plain, old-fashioned Georgia industry known as horse swapping. The organization of the convention is thorough and complete. Everything will be done in perfect order. The committee on arrangements will permit nothing that is not relevant to the object of the gathering. It is extremely difficult to conceive how a horse swappers' convention could be conducted with anything like order, but the experience at Jasper showed that a gathering of this novel nature can be kept in regular order, just like a Sunday school convention.

The horse swappers will begin to gather this week, and will go from all parts of the state. The Decatur street contingent of hack traders will be strongly in evidence, and many plugs will be sent from Jasper to the state. The most picturesque features of the convention will be composed of that strangely constituted horseriding known as the north Georgia horse swapper. The horse traders of north Georgia devote all of their time and attention to the work. There are usually from one to three in every settlement, and they manage to make a horse trade about once a week. These horse traders come to Atlanta occasionally and buy up jaded and worn-out plugs from the Decatur street wagon yards. But this class of traders will not predominate at the coming convention. There will be a number of highly reputable horse traders who will be supplied with good horses.

The feature of the convention will be the races. These will be run on the public road and will be more to dole out prizes of horses, as a preliminary to a swap, than to furnish the delegates with good sport. The stores of Jasper will do a big business in the stock feed trade, while the convention lasts. The traders usually come from a distance, and bring no food with them. The exchange convention will be in session three days. During that time hundreds of swaps will be made, and the little town of Jasper will be livelier than ever before in its history.

WILL TAKE UP JAIL CASES.

Grand Jury May Act on Fidelity Bank Matter Today.

The grand jury of Fulton county will meet at the courthouse this morning and take up the jail business for the coming session. There will be the usual run of prisoners held for burglary, thefts, etc., and a good number of cases will be disposed of.

The jury may possibly take some action in reference to the stockholders of the defunct Fidelity Banking and Trust company. The depositors have not all been paid yet, so it is said, and it is possible action may be taken.

Solicitor Hill stated last night he knew of nothing out of the ordinary run to come up at this session of the grand jury except the regular routine of jail cases.

ATLANTA MAY NOT HAVE BALL.

Local Franchise Depends Entirely on Street Car Companies.

Local baseball prospects for the coming season are not altogether bright. The local officials have not as yet made any definite arrangements and it is probable Atlanta's franchise will go to Montgomery.

A great deal depends, however, on the action of the street car companies. Colonel W. T. Meyers, president of the local club, has asked the companies to bear part of the expense, but they remain reticent on the subject. If the roads fail to come to terms by the middle of January, the franchise will be forfeited to Montgomery.

From present indications, however, the Southern league as recently organized, will hold through the summer. Some of the clubs are already making contracts with managers and looking out for good men.

Atlanta stays in the game, and the other cities will have had the advantage of securing all the good men and managers first.

Colonel Meyers is anxious to give the local ball lovers some good ball, but will not do so unless the street car companies come to terms.

Governor Bob Taylor's Book.

Containing his three famous lectures,
"The Fiddle and the Bow,"
"The Paradox of Power,"
"Visions and Dreams."

A 9-cent book for 25 cents, by mail 30

For sale by JOHN M. MILLER CO.,
33 Marietta Street,
Atlanta, Ga.

New Sleeping Car Line, Atlanta to Tampa, Fla., via Southern Railway.

Commencing December 14th, the Southern Railway Company will inaugurate a sleeping car line between Cincinnati and Tampa, Fla., via Atlanta and Jacksonville.

—at—
Offices—2, 3, 4 and 6 Love building.

CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR

And others interested in state politics, read every
newspaper printed in Georgia and two thousand
other southern papers. Southern Press
Circulating Bureau, Atlanta, Ga.

TWO MORE DAYS OF LIFE FOR CYRUS

The Red Gallows Will Be Put in Place
This Morning.

THE DOOMED MAN LOSES HOPE

He Became Despondent for the First
Time Yesterday.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES IN THE JAIL

Cyrus Made a Prayer—Refuses To See Visitors—The Crime and the History of the Gallows.

This morning the red gallows at the county jail will be taken out from its place of storage and erected in the yard between the stone prison and the frame building occupied by the revenue prisoners. The rope will be fastened to the overhead beam and stretched, and the trigger oiled.

When Wednesday morning dawns all will be ready to hang Tom Cyrus for the murder of the woman, Annie Johnson, whom he shot to death last summer.

Cyrus broke down yesterday for the first time since his imprisonment and he declined to see any one save his wife and Rev. R. S. Stephenson, who is giving him spiritual attention in his last hours upon earth.

The doomed negro absolutely refused to see the reporter of The Constitution. He told the jailer that a reporter had been doing him a great wrong, and he did not wish to see any more of the newspaper men.

His wife was with him nearly all day yesterday and it was rather strange that she should be with him for he is about to meet death for the murder of a woman for whom he had deserted his wife. But she seems at this time to be willing to forgive him, and is there to comfort him as he nears the grave.

Yesterday afternoon Rev. Mr. Stephenson came to the jail and preached a special sermon for Cyrus's benefit. As the negro's request the minister selected as his text the "Prodigal Son," and spoke for thirty minutes upon the forgiveness of those who "returned unto the Heavenly Father." During the discourse Cyrus was with bowed head by the side of his wife, and at the conclusion of the sermon made a prayer. It was a fervent plea for divine forgiveness and the negro's voice trembled with emotion and the tears ran down his cheeks.

Mr. Stephenson stated to The Constitution reporter that Cyrus seems to feel more keenly than he ever did his approaching end.

"He is much depressed," said the minister, "and he has for the first time fully realized that he has but a few more hours to live. All along he has had the hope that he would be sent to the penitentiary for life, but that hope now seems to be gone, and he is nervous and unstrung. I am doing my best to cheer him up."

When the Murder Was Committed.

One night last May, about 2 o'clock, Cyrus walked into the police barracks with a pistol in his hand and approaching Captain Thompson said:

"I have killed my wife and have come to give myself up."

When the investigation followed it was ascertained that he had killed a woman named Annie Johnson, with whom he had been living, and she was not his wife. He was locked up. At his trial he wanted to plead guilty, but the judge would not permit him to do so, and he was sent to jail.

He was given an attorney and every effort was made to get his sentence made one of life imprisonment, but the jury was not so lenient. He was sentenced to hang.

There was an appeal and the supreme court sustained the decision of the lower court. The governor was asked to commute the sentence, but he declined to interfere with the law, and Cyrus was told that he must prepare to face death upon the gallows. Until yesterday he still clung to the hope that his sentence would be commuted, but when the governor's decision came in the form of an unexpected way. Yesterday morning he became dejected and asked that no one be allowed to see him, except his wife and the minister.

He was given the freedom of the jail corridor yesterday. The jailer said Tom had been, since his incarceration, a good fellow to do so as it was against the law within the jail walls.

The Gallows and Its Victims.

The gallows upon which Cyrus will meet his fate next Wednesday has already seen four victims, and Cyrus will make the fifth. The first person hanged on it was the negro George Washington, who was shot and killed another negro, Osburn, who shot and killed Bradley in a quarrel over the collection of a bill.

The second hanging was that of Charles Osburn, who shot and killed Bradley in a quarrel over the collection of a bill.

The third hanging was that of Charles Osburn, who shot and killed Bradley in a quarrel over the collection of a bill.

The fourth hanging was that of Charles Osburn, who shot and killed Bradley in a quarrel over the collection of a bill.

WILL GO TO NEW YORK.

Gonzales Llanusa Will Leave This Week To Work for Cuba.

Gonzales Llanusa, the famous Cuban lawyer who has just been released from a Spanish penal colony in Africa, and who is now in this city, at the Leland, with his family, will probably leave for New York this week, where he will begin work for the independence of his country.

He will join the Cuban delegation in the metropolis, and will be elected secretary. He would have gone sooner, but his boy whom he had not seen before his arrival here, has been quite ill. The little one is recovering, however, and will be well by the latter part of the week, from present indications.

General Llanusa is one of the most prominent Cubans in the United States, and his influence will be felt for the cause of liberty in New York. He will probably take his family with him.

Every Christmas Table Should Have a Bottle of St. Sigmund's Angostura Bitters.

Greatest Appetizer.

Everybody Interested.

Tomorrow at 12 o'clock, sale of valuable property, 38 and 40 Auburn ave., Dr. H. L. Wilson will sell at auction some of the most valuable real estate in the city. It is located on Auburn avenue, with only a narrow strip between it and the K. O. R. P. shoe company, with the Pryor street, directly between the Kimball house and the Equitable building. Such property ought to sell at any time at good prices. It is located near the very center of Atlanta.

On the property is a double tenement house that rents well.

It is a chance to secure central property at a bargain.

Weak and Sickly.

System run down. Strength all gone. Suffer from indigestion. You have Dyspepsia. Try the following:

Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy and it will cure you. Strengthens and restores the complexion. For sale everywhere.

FOOTIE'S TRUNK FACTORY.

Making room for new styles. Call and get bargains in Trunks, Valises, Pocket-books, etc. Repairing a specialty. Phone 220.

Monday Tuesday Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.

and then des Christmas—the day of all. The day that you are to give HIM a present. Why not an Umbrella? And why not come here to get it? The best and largest stock in the city, I assure you. The new Prince of Wales crook, German ash and solid ivory handles, either plain or sterling trimmed. One are mounted on the new Lonn Smoke Silk, a new thing in Umbrelladom. \$5.00 is TO unexcelled any price, and will be recovered free of charge if it splits within one year.

1.00 TO \$8.00

Al. R. Edwards & Co.

39-41 Whitehall Street.

ADVERTISED LIST.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice week ending December 18, 1897. Persons calling will please say advertised and give date. Sent must be paid for each advertised letter.

Male List.

A—Thos B Adams, Clerk, Annon.

B—Rev Becher, Chas S Browning, P M

Bowden, G A Harden, Joe Barks, J W

Bowman, J W E Bailey, S W

Booth, M A Brigham, Tibbs Brooks, W M

Brown, W B Butler, J C

C—Bry Cady, J P Calk, C J Calme,

Eugene Cloud, Jno L Coby, James K

Cores, M D, Rev J T Clayton, T G

Davidson, J P Dixon, J P Day, J S

Dowall, W J DuBois, Zink Dierd.

E—Adolph Deitz, B T Daniel & Co, C D

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